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How will removing the tree-uncle
counter improve the American saloon?
If that were taken out, men would
have nothing to do in a saloon but
drink.

It is reported that the sultan of
Turkey has bought the famous Hope
diamond for \$400,000. Presumably its
former owner knew enough to require
a cash deposit.

Russia and Japan have practically
forgotten that little unpleasantness.
Russia has appointed M. Malevsky-
Malavitch as ambassador to Tokyo,
and the strain is over.

On account of hard times rigid econ-
omy must be practiced in the realm of
the mikado. Mrs. Mikado may have
to look up a cheaper place to buy her
eggs and breakfast bacon.

Birmingham Age-Herald: No. new
army officer can hereafter be sworn
in who is not 5 feet 5 inches high. This
rule would have shut out Phil Sheri-
dan and one Napoleon Bonaparte also.

That sailor who asked Jeffries to
black his eye as a souvenir of his visit
to the Pacific didn't understand the
game. Jeff couldn't think of giving a
fellow pain if no gate receipts were
involved.

France sells automobiles in Great
Britain worth about 100 times as
much as the motor cars England mar-
kets in France. That ought to burst
a tire or two on the wheels of John
Bull's conceit.

Beware of the common housefly. He
may look innocent and even benign,
but the health department, which has
prided into the innermost recesses of
Mr. Fly's private business, says he is
carrying all manner of diseases in his
grip.

When salaries are raised the Ger-
man emperor does not like to be left
out. The pay of his Prussian minis-
ters having recently been increased,
it is reported in Berlin that he is about
to ask that his own pay be raised "be-
cause of the increased cost of living."
The emperor seems to be human, after
all.

It is said that King Edward would
make William Waldorf Astor a peer
if he were not afraid of offending the
United States. However, if England
can stand for William as a part of its
nobility, there is no reason why we
should object. It seems as if the
mother country would really be in
need of the sympathy.

Six state legislatures out of the 46
in the country have petitioned con-
gress to call a constitutional conven-
tion in order to secure an amendment
providing for the election of United
States senators directly by the peo-
ple. A petition from the legislatures
of two-thirds of the states is required
before congress is required to call
such a convention.

Yankee ingenuity is equal to almost
anything, as was proved the other day
when it was found necessary to put
fresh boilers in a New England grain
elevator. Instead of stopping the ma-
chinery, a railroad locomotive was run
alongside of the building, and a con-
nection made between its boiler and
the engine inside. Work was con-
tinued, and no employee lost a day.

"Every ship in Admiral Evans' fleet
has beaten its former record by a good
margin." That is as much as strategic
secrecy can let the American people
know of the target practice of the fleet
at Magdalena Bay. The officer who
said it added: "The world will be
astounded when the facts come out."
While we are waiting to be astounded,
we can pass the time in being proud.

An interesting contribution to a
new work on English synonyms was
made by Senator Dolliver of Iowa, the
other day. Asked by Senator Bacon if
the provisions of the employers' liabil-
ity bill would not annul the state laws
on the subject, he replied they "would
supersede" the state laws. Pressed to
explain, he said "to annul a statute is to
disregard it, to ignore it and render it
a dead letter, but to supersede it is to
overlay it with a greater jurisdiction."

Amidst laughter Mr. Bacon retorted
that it was a distinction without a
difference.

Popular Music
Classic Airs
May Become
Well Liked
By PROF. EDMUND GURNEY.

THE musical instinct of the people is normally sound, though it
gets but little chance of true cultivation. I suppose that every-
body who is much interested in a subject and on the lookout
for scraps of evidence about it is occasionally startled by find-
ing that these go, for the most part, unobserved, and that what
he thought commonplaces are received as paradoxes. Now at
this moment a house painter is humming sotto voce Mendels-
sohn's Wedding March outside my door, a baker's boy in the
street is whistling "La ci Darem," and a German band a little
farther on has just been playing the march from "Scipio" to
the obvious edification of the surrounding nursery maids. Yet I believe
that, at all events, the first two facts would have gone unobserved even by
many of those who know the tunes.

I admit, of course, a great deal of low taste both in and out of the
streets; and I do so in complete conformity to the argument that pleasure
must be the criterion of music; using the word low to imply a feeble and
transient enjoyment of things which are found, as a pure matter of experi-
ence, not to appeal to those accustomed to a greater and more permanent en-
joyment. But I would observe that the people have to take what they can
get. Would that they got more chances and that one had not to walk
through miles and miles of park in sunny Sunday afternoons without en-
countering a single band.

All musicians must know the sensation of being haunted even by
tunes which they absolutely dislike; and though I do not pretend that
street boys dislike the bad tunes they mechanically whistle, no one with
any experience of places where the trial has been made can doubt that
they would sing and whistle good tunes, and do, when they get the chance
of knowing them infinitely more con amore.

Good music seems to make its way, like water, wherever channels
are open for it; and if I have dwelt chiefly on simple melodies it is only
because circumstances, not necessity, have hitherto in great measure limit-
ed the people's chances to these. It is impossible to mistake the look of
joyful welcome on many faces when, for instance, the glorious themes
of Beethoven's concertos flash forth again and again, now from the solo
instrument, now from the orchestra.

Criticism
Harmful
in
Home
By LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

things, mark you—said about ourselves. There are few of us who do not
recognize either definitely or sub-consciously at least, our own shortcom-
ings, and it is part of that struggle of self-preservation inherent within
us which induces us to hide them or forget them and put our best self
forward for the benefit of others in order to be able to get somewhere un-
hampered by their criticisms. And, somehow, it doesn't seem just right
for you or me to thwart that purpose.

The law of suggestion is a mighty force working for good or ill upon
this plane of our existence, and used judiciously and with the high moral
purpose to aid in the development of humanity it cannot fail to bring
the greatest happiness and strength into the life of the individual. I
know that you can do this or that and do it well. Only try it." This is
one of the foundation stones of success for your husband, your child,
your friend or yourself. Fed from this sustaining source, hope, which
is a large part of our "working capital" in whatever we may undertake,
grows strong to do and dare and brings us into the full flower of achieve-
ment.

Instead of striking the paralyzing blows of harsh criticism upon the
only too apparent faults of your child, why not try the more peaceful
method of suggesting to him his more lovable traits? The child of the
passionate temper and obstinate will is not to be fought and conquered by
his own weapons, as is the general rule.

No Sex
in
Politics
By ISRAEL ZANGWILL,
Poet and Essayist.

The fact is, that, important as is the sex-division in some things, it
does not stretch across the whole of life; sex has no meaning in politics
any more than in dinner parties.

Men and women pray in the same church and dance to the same
music. Both sexes have far more in common than they have points of
difference. Why should one sex be shut out of the polling booth? Why
is Florence Nightingale's opinion of the candidate for her constituency less
valuable than the chimney sweeper's? We suffragettes demand votes for
women, not because they are women, but because they are fellow-citizens.
It's nobody's business to inquire what sex a voter is, any more than what
color the voter's hair is. Once get into your head that the claim of women
rests not upon their petticoats but on their purses, not upon their being
women, but on their being taxpayers, not on their being our rivals, but
on their being our comrades, and you will escape tangling yourself in
a whole network of fallacies.

MANIAC FOUGHT 3 OFFICERS
ON PLATFORM OF LOFTY WILL-
IAMSBURG BRIDGE TOWER.

Throngs Below Expected To See the
Battling Quartet Fall into the
East River.

New York, Oct. 12.—Upon a plat-
form, ten feet square and 332 feet up
in the air, with no coping, rail or other
protection, three policemen fought a
desperate battle with Joseph Kratz,
a powerful maniac armed with a razor,
Sunday afternoon, while thousands of
persons looked on from the promenade
of the Williamsburg bridge and its
Brooklyn approach.

Kratz, who is about 35 years old
and weighs 190 pounds, had startled
the pedestrians on the bridge by dart-
ing suddenly from the promenade and
starting to walk along one of the big
cables leading to the top of the Brook-
lyn tower. Policemen, Smith, O'Don-
nell and Dowling went after him, but
he managed to reach the top of the
tower and was about to jump into the
river, when the foremost policeman
caught him. Then began the thrilling
struggle.

The four men looked like little black
imps silhouetted against the sky, in-
dulging in some mad dance or daring
play upon their lofty perch, but they
were really engaged in a fight for
life.

The great crowd expected every mo-
ment to see one or more of the figures
fly off into space, and then one of the
actors suddenly sank to his knees and
fell flat. The spectacle was over, for
all of the figures quickly disappeared
as though a trap door had suddenly
been sprung beneath them, but the
drama was not yet acted out.

Down the unprotected spiral stair-
way of 320 steps inside the trellised
steel tower, leading 216 feet to the
floor of the bridge, the three police-
men attempted to carry the uncon-
scious form of the madman, who had
sunk under a blow on the head from
a loaded billy after he had been dou-
bly handcuffed. They had made only
a few steps when the man regained
consciousness and all his maniacal
fury returned.

His struggles almost threw the three
policemen headlong from the stairs
and one who had been kicked in the
stomach had barely saved himself by
clutching the stairs after he had fallen
several steps. All the way down to
the floor of the bridge the battle con-
tinued, and when the three policemen
finally reached a safe position they
sighed with relief. The maniac faint-
ed from exhaustion and the throng be-
lieved that death had brought the
stirring scenes to a close.

MURDER COMMITTED BY JONES.
Who Attempted To Kill Guitau, the
Assassin of President Garfield.

Washington, Oct. 12.—Wm. Jones,
who tried to shoot Charles Guitau to
avenge the assassination of President
Garfield, stabbed to death John A. Mc-
Pherson of Chicago, former member
of the marine corps, and an inmate of
the soldiers' home here.

The stabbing occurred as the result
of a quarrel. Jones, using a long-
bladed pocket knife. The men met at
Bates' farm, near Brookland, a suburb
of Washington. McPherson died im-
mediately following the stabbing. His
body has been sent to the morgue.
Jones was arrested and is held on the
charge of murder.

The attempt made by Jones on the
life of Guitau occurred during the ex-
citement following the murder of Pres-
ident Garfield by shooting in the old
Pennsylvania station here in July,
1881.

Jones was a blacksmith in Washing-
ton, wild and reckless. When Guitau
was being taken to the criminal court
for a preliminary hearing Jones rode
beside the van and shot at Guitau,
who threw himself to the bottom of
the vehicle. Jones fled, followed by
mounted men. The following day he
was arrested at Fredericksburg, Va.,
and brought back to this city for trial.
He was acquitted.

Following his acquittal he disappeared
for a time. Later he returned, mar-
ried and settled on a small trucking
farm near the scene of the Sunday
night's murder.

The two men had been drinking and
it is said, quarreled over the posses-
sion of a horse. Jones claims he acted
in self-defense.

Convicted By Means of a Button.
Appleton, Wis., Oct. 12.—Convicted
of murder by means of a vest button.
This is what befell Paul Krause, who
was tried here on the charge that he
murdered his wife, who was found
hanging from a hook in a closet in her
home. The case was supposed to be
one of suicide until the coroner, who
suspected that the woman had been
hanged after death, searched the prem-
ises and found a vest button of a pec-
uliar style in the room outside the
closed door. It was a button from
Krause's vest. Krause will be sen-
tenced to life imprisonment.

Football Victim.
Cannonsburg, Pa., Oct. 12.—William
M. Potts, the football player who
was injured in a high school game
here on October 3, died Sunday, after
having been unconscious since Octo-
ber 5.

Looted By River Pirates.
Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 12.—The many
boats lying in the local pool, ready to
leave on the first rise for Cincinnati
and the south, have been looted by
river pirates of many thousands of dol-
lars' worth of valuables.

CORNER
FOR THE
JUNIORS

HUNGRY BILLY.

Everything Turned to Candy, But It
Was Only a Dream.

Billy said he was hungry, but he
wasn't, really, for when his mother of-
fered him a generous slice of nice
bread and butter, he pushed it away,
saying that he didn't want any "old
bread and butter." He wanted a nickel
to buy candy with.

"If you can't eat bread and butter,
Billy," said his mother, "you aren't
very hungry."

"But can't I have the nickel, moth-
er?" pleaded Billy.

"No," replied his mother; "you are
only candy hungry, not really hungry.
And candy isn't good for little boys."

Billy didn't agree with his mother
in this matter. To be sure, he had
spent five cents for candy only the day
before; besides he had his Saturday
money every week, but he chose to
feel aggrieved on this particular after-
noon, because he was denied that
which he thought he should have.

Without another glance at the de-
spised bread and butter, Billy slung
himself out of the house and up in
the orchard where he lay down on the
grass under an apple tree, feeling that
he was very badly treated. It was
very pleasant up there, with the sun-
light flickering down through the
green branches. Billy gazed idly up
at the blue sky, wishing he was a man
with lots of money so that he could
buy all the candy he wanted.

Presently he heard a bell ringing
loudly. Wondering if supper was ready,
he arose and went into the house.
There, on the dining-room table was



Billy Gazed Idly Up at the Blue Sky.

placed one plate, one knife and one
fork. But he could see nothing to eat.
Taking up the plate, he started toward
the kitchen, thinking, perhaps, the
supper was ready, waiting for him on
the stove, but he stopped short, for he
perceived that the plate was made of
candy. On examining the knife and
fork, he found that, they, too, were of
the same sweet substance. In the
kitchen, it was the same thing. The
pots, kettles and stove, were all made
of licorice, while candy dishes, pans
and a chocolate broom gave the room
the appearance of a regular candy
shop.

Billy wondered vaguely if his moth-
er was going into the business. He
thought he would hunt her up and ask
her what it all meant. For she surely
would know. So he ran up the candy
stairs to her room. Here, also, every
bit of furniture was composed of
sweets. Bed, chairs, pillows, and even
the curtains, hung in stiff folds of
solid sweetness. By the window stood
his mother. He went quickly up to
her, but to his horror, as he touched
her hand, he saw that she, also, was
turned into candy.

This was too much for poor Billy.
He burst into bitter weeping. "Oh,
oh, what shall I do! Everything is
candy. Even my dear mother is turned
into candy. What shall I do!"

"But I thought you were so fond of
candy."

"Oh, oh," wailed Billy, horrified at
this dreadful speech. "I'll never eat
candy again. My own dear mother.
Oh, oh!"

With a start, he awoke. His face
was covered with perspiration, and his
heart was thumping like a little steam
engine. Oh, how thankful he was to
find it all a dream.

Sitting up, he gazed about him in a
dazed sort of way, for he was hardly
yet wide awake. "Dear me," said he
aloud, when his heart had slowed
down a bit. "I came near being turned
into a candy kid myself. I guess the
Saturday money will be good enough
for me after this."

He went back to the house and into
the kitchen. There, on the table,
still lay the piece of bread and butter
his mother had left for him. Seizing
it, he took a big bite.

"My, but that tastes good," said
Hungry Billy.—Annie Briggs Fox, in
Good Literature.

Conundrums.
Q.—Why is a hen crossing a road
like assault and battery?
A.—Because it's a foul (fowl) pro-
ceeding.

CLEVER NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.
Insisted on Leaving a Tip for the
Waiter After Meal.

There was a Newfoundland dog on
board H. M. S. Bellona, which kept on
deck during the battle of Copenhagen,
running backward and forward with
such courage and anger that he be-
came a greater favorite with the men
than ever. When the ship was paid
off, after the peace of Amiens, the
sailors had a parting dinner on shore.
Victor was placed in the chair and fed
roast beef and plum-pudding, and the
bill was made out in Victor's name.
To further carry out the joke three
sovereigns were placed in front of
Victor and the waiter ordered to give
change. He did so, the dog wagging
his tail benevolently the while. A
small pile of copper and silver being



The Copper and Silver Sixpence He
Insisted on Leaving as the Waiter's
Tip.

deposited by the waiter, he was about
to depart, when Victor was told to
take up the money in his mouth and
carry it to the captain. He did so,
but could not be induced to touch
the copper and a silver sixpence,
which, amid roars of laughter, he in-
sisted on leaving as the waiter's "tip,"
as he had been accustomed to see the
captain do on many previous occa-
sions.

Upholding Authority.
It was a score of years ago that W.
J. Connors, now chairman of the New
York Democratic state committee, se-
cured his first great freight-handling
contract, and when the work was
ready to start he appeared on the Ohio-
street dock at Buffalo and called a
thousand burly "dock-walloper" to or-
der.

"Now," roared Connors, "yer are to
worrak for me, and I want every man
here to understand what's what. I kin
lick any man in the gang."

Nine hundred and ninety-nine swal-
lowed the insult, but one huge, double-
fisted warrior moved uneasily, and,
stepping from the line, he said: "You
can't lick me, Jim Connors."

"I can't, can't I?" bellowed "Finky."
"No, ye can't," was the response.

"Oh, well; thin go to the office and
git your money," said "Finky." "I'll
have no man in me gang that I can't
lick."—Success Magazine.

A TREE PUZZLE.
The Puzzle a Landlord Put Up to His
Tenants.

A certain landlord had a square plot
of land, in one quarter of which stood
a house, let to four tenants. In the
balance of the ground the landlord
planted four apple trees, placed as
shown in the sketch.

"Now," said the landlord to the ten-
ants, rubbing his hands, "if you can
divide the ground around the house
into four equal plots, alike in shape,
and each containing one of the four
apple trees which I have planted, you



(1) (2)
Arrangement of Plots.

shall have the land without any in-
crease in your rent."

The tenants worried over the prob-
lem for some time, and then solved
it as in the second sketch.

Cat Characteristics.
Cats, rather than belong to a new
master, will cling in grief to the old
walls and refuse to be taken away
from them. But if they can follow
their master they will go to the end
of the world. One must not forget
that they are extraordinarily nervous
and timid, and from timidity easily
lose their heads and run away, they
themselves know not whither. They
must be well protected and made to
feel that they are guarded and cared
for. We must not, however, expect a
cat to obey like a dog. It is a free and
independent little beast—a cousin of
the lion—a tropical animal which
needs great warmth in order to be-
come most beautiful and as large as
its nature permits.—Carmen Sylva, in
the Century.

Areas of Various States.
The area of Maryland is 12,210-
square miles, 2,350 square miles of
which are water. There are seven
states in the union which have smaller
area, viz.: Every New England state
except Maine and New Jersey and
Delaware. The gross area of none of
these states equals the land area of
Maryland.